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The Scholar

FEBRUARY 1941

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4441
OFFICE OF T. E... MADRAS
12 AUG 1941

Editor: E. H. Parameswaran, M.A., L.T.

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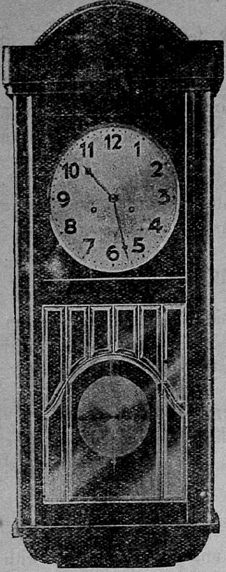

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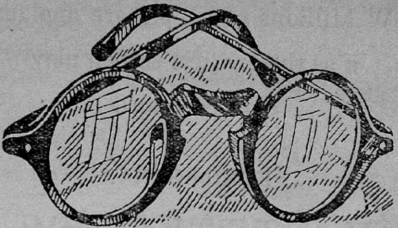

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The Scholar

Vol. XVI] FEBRUARY 1941 [No. 5

Collecting

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

FROM ancient times collecting has been a sign of stability and introspection. It is very instructive to survey the various means and ways of collecting and of studying art from our days down to the heart of antiquity. Again, as in all the spirals of accretion, we see almost completed circles, yet at times, an almost elusive heightening of consciousness forms another step which is reflected in many pages of the history of art. We see how specialization and synthesis alternate. Collecting formed by the inner consciousness of the collector and united by one general idea is replaced by a classification almost pharmaceutical, sometimes destroying completely, by its pedantry, the fire of new discoveries. Not so long ago the combining of Gothic primitives with ultramodern aspirations would have been considered a proof of dilettantism. It would have been regarded altogether taboo to have simply a collection of beautiful medals and coins. Pedantry was wont to confine its scope of vision to a certain epoch, limiting it to objects of a certain type and character. Thus icons and primitives glowing with color, were turned into iconography in which the descriptive part obliterated the true and artistic meaning.

Thus, not very long ago the history of art was taught as a collection of anecdotes of painters' lives, while the exposition of sculpture and the technique of painting were reduced to a summary of proportions and to the mechanics of construction, diverting and distracting attention from the essence of creative work. Peculiar text-books began to appear in which one would come across such chapters for instance, as: "How to paint a donkey," in connection with which gray paint—which does not exist—was recommended. I remember that my attention was arrested on a boat by the typical argument between a mother and her little girl in which the mother earnestly asserted that the mountain in the distance was black, while the child affirmed candidly that it was blue. It seems to me that the mother's eyes must have been dimmed by some text-book she was studying about the way to paint donkeys.

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What a joy it is for children, when, from their tenderest age in their homes they see objects of true art and serious books. Of course, it is necessary that these artistic objects do not cease to "live" and do not find themselves in the pitiful situation of remaining upside down, sometimes for an entire decade—which means that the soul of the collector has long departed for the cemetery and that his heirs have for some reason become morally blind.

During the very recent years we have had occasion to rejoice many times over the synthetic system of collecting which has again come into existence. Not afraid of being called eccentrics or dilettantes the sensitive collectors have begun to group their treasuries of various objects according to an inner meaning. Thus, the most modern pictures could be combined with those masters who, in their time, burned with the unquenchable fire of bringing new ways to creative work.

In the newest collections one sees such giant pathfinders as El Greco, Giorgione, Peter Breugel and all the noble galaxy of those who were not afraid to be considered the seekers and innovators of their epochs.

And how convincing among modern paintings are the forms of Roman art and the collaborators Giotto and Cimabue, and the icons of Novgorod and ancient Chinese artists.

As all conventionalities of division and demarcation vanish, the combined creative and spiritual findings shine before you like beacon lights, outside the conventional boundaries of the nations. If circumstances do not permit the bringing of originals into the homes, then sketches and even well-reproduced copies could permit one to entertain happy dreams about the future.

I have had occasion to write the stirring story of those collectors who began their activities when still at school. Probably many painters have had experiences like mine of having little boys, coming to one of my exhibitions, who would bashfully hand me a dollar, asking to be given a sketch in return.

Another still more moving case was when public school pupils raised a collection in order to purchase a painting. That meant that within them ardor was stirring and taking shape, and that they wanted to transmute meaningless words into facts, into conscious action. Without such an imperative impulse to action, how many light-winged, thought-butterflies singe themselves in their flutterings!

In various countries we can help by experience and advice, in the question of how to begin collecting. To open the door to those who knock timidly is one of our immediate obligations. And not only to open the door, but also to explain that they should knock with a firm

hand without entertaining the prejudice that the use of art is a privilege only of the rich. No, first of all it is the privilege of bright and courageous spirits, who long to beautify their existence and who have decided – instead of taking the deadly hazards of gambling—to strengthen themselves by the manifestations of the spirit of man which is like an infinite dyanamo– breathes life into everything made by it. Great joys are to be found at this feast of creative impulses. And many dark places in life can be so easily brightened by the brilliant rays of admiration. It is our sacred duty to help in this.

We are speaking about collecting. Someone smiles wryly: Is it timely? Is it timely to speak of artistic values when even the richest countries are horror-stricken by the general crisis? Let us answer him firmly and with the realization of the import of our words—Yes, it is timely!

According to the latest reports, in spite of the tremendous business depression in Amercia the prices for art objects have not suffered any depreciation and this does not surprise us in the least; on the contrary, we consider this to be a characteristic sign of the existence of the crisis.

We have seen that during the most acute upheavals in Russia, Austria and Germany, the prices of art objects did not fluctuate noticeably. In some cases it happened that the objects of art were instrumental in bringing an entire state out of financial difficulties. We preserve this irrefutable fact as a proof of the true value of the spirit of man. When all our conditional values are shaken, the consciousness of man instinctively turns to that which, amidst the ephemeral, proves to be relatively the most valuable.

And the spiritual, creative values which have been neglected during the triumph of the stomach, again become a shelter of refuge. Therefore it is always timely to speak of the growth of spiritual creative power and to lay stress upon collecting and preserving, but this is especially needed when evolution passes through difficult moments and does not know how to solve the actual accumulated problems. To solve them however, is possible only in spirit and in beauty.

In my address on the significance of art, I gave formulae which have become the motto of the International Art Centre of Roerich Museum. I said: "Humanity is facing events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that all occurrences are not accidental. The time for the construction of a future culture is at hand. The revaluation of values has taken place before our very eyes. Amidst heaps of valueless currence humanity has found a treasure of world significance. The values of great art march victoriously through the storms of earthly commotions. Even the 'earthly' people have under. stood the vital importance of beauty".

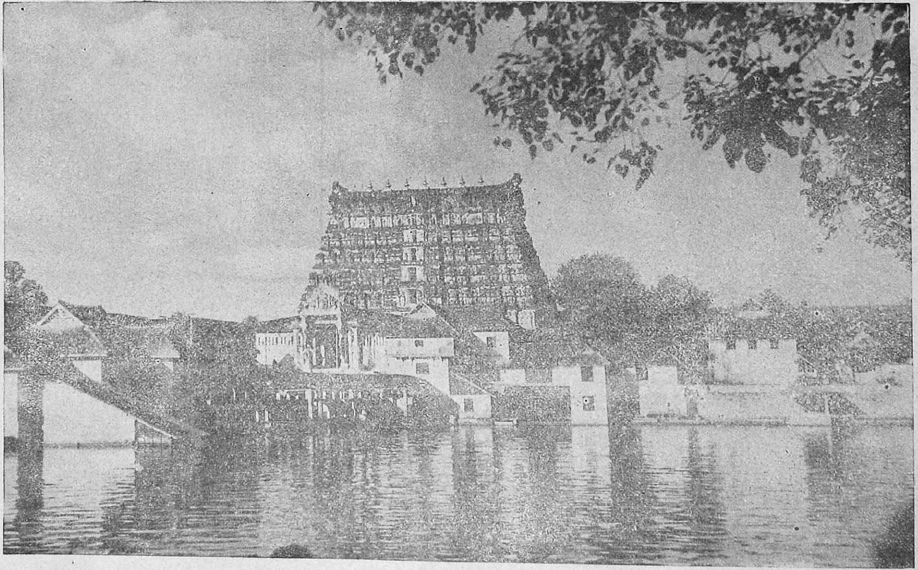
And I closed the address with the following: "Not on snowy heights, but in the turmoil of the city we pronounce these words. And realizing the path of true reality we greet with a happy smile the future."

These words were based on thirty years' experience. Ten more years have elapsed since. Have the formulae then expressed changed during the period? No, the experience of many countries confirmed and even strengthened them. And we must base our conclusions on experience, and on nothing else. Theory for us is only the consequence of practice. And that same practice brings forth the happy smile with which we greet the future. May the smile of knowledge and courage become the banner of our meetings. We unite to make application of knowledge and may each crumb of knowledge add spirit to our smile.

The One

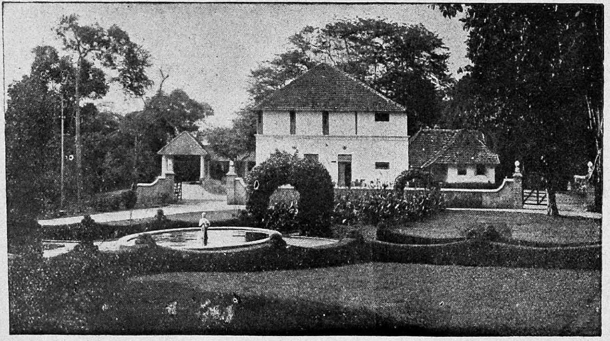
The Flame within the soul
That inmost treasure,
More than all gifts
Most precious beyond measure,
A magic music,
Healing to the mind,
A light, deprived of which
Life would be blind.
A lamp like Hesperus
Before the dawn,
The sounding of a mystic harp,
A moon,
That draws that Inner Sea
Which is the Soul,
To show a harmony,
Through which the All
Is mirrored in
Its every smallest part,
The heart of this great Universe
And port
Of all our strivings,
This most precious Sun,
Invisible, Intangible,
The One.

—*Barnett. D. Conlan*



Sri Padmanabha Swami Temple.

The Ranga Vilas Palace—Art Gallery, Trivandrum.



Sri Chitralayam—The State Art Gallery.

Travancore Mural Paintings

By K. P. PADMANABHAN TAMPY, B. A.

ONE of the distinctive features of the present era of enlightenment in Travancore is an effort on the part of those in authority to stimulate interest and activity in the Arts. With this lofty end in view two art institutions have been founded; the *Sri Chitralayam* (Gallery of Asian Painting) in the Public Gardens, Trivandrum, and The Ranga Vilas Palace Museum and Gallery, situated in the Fort.

The *Sri Chitralayam* was established within the short space of ten months, thanks to the zeal of the Royal Family uniquely gifted in art, art appreciation and in many other human endowments, and the wise guidance and organising capacity of Dr. J. H. Cousins, Art Adviser to the Government of Travancore.

One of the spacious rooms in the *Sri Chitralayam* has been set apart for the admirably designed display of Buddhist and Hindu Mural Painting. In this section fine and true copies of the frescoes from Ajanta, Bagh and Sittanavasal, Travancore and Cochin, are shown in chronclogical sequence thereby linking up the art of Kerala with that of Central and North India. The *Sri Chitralayam* is unique among the Art Galleries of the world in its comprehensive collection of copies of mural paintings in India. The intelligent enthusiasm, devotion, knowledge, and taste of Dr. Cousins, the artist-organiser and Celtic Poet, are in evidence in the logical and instructive display of paintings in this Sanctuary of Art which presents a cavalcade of art, culture, and civilisation of the Orient and the splendour that was and that is Ind.

Dr. Cousins, the first European connoisseur of Art to make a study of the Travancore Mural Paintings, hits it off thus:—"In the pictorial art of Kerala there are traces of Buddhist painting that link the art of Kerala with that of Ajanta and Bagh. There is a remarkable power in these murals. Their technique and finish are excellent. Their atmosphere is always one of sanctity, they are eloquent with spiritual instruction. The secret of attractiveness of the murals lies in the vitality of their figures and in the variety of postures and gestures throbbing with exalted life." He adds that the paintings show "a distinctiveness, compounded of skill in composition within a given space, of designed detail, of strength of line and of colour-schemes that satisfy the requirements of both symbolism and artistic effectiveness."

The *Padmanabhapuram Palace* and the *Sree Padmanabhaswamy Temple* in Travancore have become the favourite haunts of tourists

and art critics who desire to examine the originals of the exquisite Mural Paintings exhibited in the *Sree Chitralayam.* Those who visit these Temples of Art are moved by the sheer beauty of the Frescoes which form the most precious artistic heritage of Travancore. The genius of the masters who executed these paintings may be discerned in many a line and curve and in the wonderful delicacy of the well-toned vegetable colours. The Mural Paintings, distinguished by forms that are poems and colours that are melodies, are saturated with a holy and mysterious feeling. In these frescoes Hindu Art holds to the essential dignity of the human soul without denying sensuous appeal. They impress upon the visitor that the master minds who conceived and executed these marvellous works of art were not ordinary mortals, but Titans of energy and creative genius.

The line-work of the masters of the Travancore Mural Paintings bears comparison with that of the Masters of the Italian School of Painting of the Renaissance Period. The artists who have produced these miracles of art have discarded all superfluities of colour and

Subramania and Narada.

shade and by masterly strokes of marvellous flexibility have expressed in vivid colours what language itself can only imperfectly express. The male figures in the Travancore Frescoes are all heroic; the

maidens are all lovely. The fragile maidens in sweet attractive poses irradiate charm and bespeak purity and normal exaltation. The most sweeping and eloquent gestures are made use of by the talented artists to express physical and spiritual charms. These Mural paintings possess a powerful rhythm which sets the heart-strings vibrating. They date from the early fifteenth to the eighteenth century. The technique and finish of these frescoes are superb and they are eloquent with spiritual instruction. The personalities in these wall paintings of old throb with exalted life. The most wonderful state of efflorescence of Travancore art and culture is witnessed in these masterpieces of inspired art which impart to us the most vivid impressions of an ancient culture. They display a vigorous style and are rooted in Truth. They evoke fear and veneration. With arresting faithfulness and dominant realism which powerfully moves the spectator, human emotions, grave and gay, have been exquisitely portrayed in these noble frescoes which are remarkable for their excellent grouping and cosmic symbolism. They exhibit a joyous and sumptuous exuberance of human fancy run riot. All that is noble in human faith and warm in human feeling has been recorded in these wall paintings, which indicate the loftiest of creative strivings, the communion with the Infinite, and the entry into the realm of spiritual bliss. They portray spiritual powers which control human destiny. In these works of Hindu Art soul and the senses are addressed in one evocative harmony.

Both as the highest form of artistic conception and technique and as historic-ethnographical records the Travancore Mural Paintings are of enormous value. The great and distinctive art displayed in these paintings reveal a wonderful vitality and intensity of feeling, meditative charm, divine majesty, decorative delicacy, unique verisimilitude, subtle charm of colour, fine texture and marvellous draughtsmanship. The rich glowing beauty of the splendid colouring of the Mural Painting is at once an object of wonder and envy to the modern artists. Works of unusual colouristic charm and beauty have been executed by Painters of these frescoes. The talent for composition and intuitive power of expression displayed by the Painters extort eloquent appreciation. The paintings indicate powerful lust of life, joyous vision, inspiring youthfulness and sublime beauty. For detailed finesse and rhythmic poise they are supreme. They recall to mind the vigorous and overcrowded canvasses of the Venetian Masters of the Renaissance.

All these Travancore frescoes are essentially Hindu in subject. Those who produced these superb wall pictures were unknown craftsmen who cared not for fame. They inherited the traditions of their art from generation to generation. Most of these frescoes are still wonderfully fresh. Some of them indicate a harmonious union of Hindu ideals with Buddhistic influence, both in demeanour and craft,

The paintings are distinguished by boldness of outline and broad sweep of the brush. The wonderful spontaneous brush line, (a characteristic feature of early mediaeval mural painting in Europe) of the Kerala Mural Paintings is indicative of artistic perfection. They are remarkable for their powerful rhythmic lines and rich warm tones.

Siva and Parvati with two devotees, the original of which is in the cave temple of Thirunandikkara, is the earliest relic of mural painting so far discovered in South India. The style of this frescoe, ascribed to the early ninth century, is similar to the finest Ajanta Paintings. Excellent and faithful copies of this and other old mural paintings have been made by Sarkis Katchadonrian, the eminent Iranian artist who considers the originals as some of the finest specimens of Indian Mural Art.

Nataraja (The Lord of the Dance), is the most striking of the Travancore Murals. This painting which embellishes the Gopuram of the famous Ettumanoor Shrine, belongs to the 16th century and is the symbolical expression of continuous motion. It is a masterpiece of Indian Art and a powerful and awe-inspiring representation of the *tandava* Dance of Lord *Siva*. The powerful symphony of rich and graceful movement of the Dancer produces a sublime effect upon the mind of the devotee and the spectator. The mural has been so cunningly executed that the eye fails to grasp at first sight the marvels of exquisite workmanship. It intoxicates the senses of the spectator and plunges him into spiritual exaltation. The complexity of detail in this painting does not belittle the importance of the main figure in the design. *Nataraja* is the second largest frescoe that has as yet been discovered in Travancore, the first being the large fresco (14′ × 11′)—"*Gajendra Moksham*" in the old palace of the Kayamcolam Raja at Krishnapuram. *Gajendra Moksham* which may be considered as the latest example of mural painting in Travancore, is remarkable for its dazzling colours, magnificent composition and harmony of line, form and design. Dr. Anandacoomaraswamy, the eminent art critic regards the Nataraja Mural as "the oldest specimen of Dravidian Painting".

Nataraja.

Ardhanareeswara.

The mural *Harihara* which measures 4 × 1⅓ feet is a typical masterpice of South Indian Art. It is symbolical of form and life and represents the inner unity of the two paramount features of the Hindu Supreme Being, of God Vishnu (*Hari*) and God Siva (*Hara*). The picture which at first sight appears to be composed of a single figure, on close study, reveals that it is made up of two figures, *Hari* on the left and *Hara* on the right. Magnificent grasp of comp osition and living texture are displayed in this frescoe. The same concept of Inner Unity is expressed in the mural painting depicting Siva and Parvati, in the single figure known as *Ardhanareeswara* (*ardha* means half, *nari* Goddess, and *Eswara* God). The originals of these exquisite frescoes adorn the Padmanabhapuram Palace.

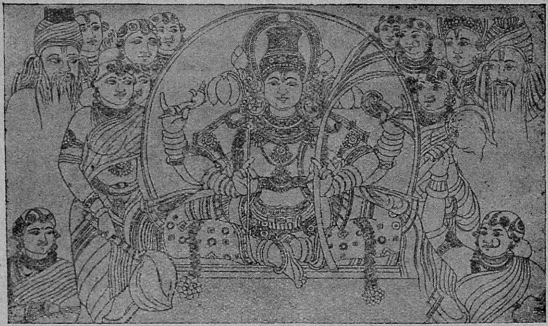
Krishna and Gopies (4′ 2″ × 3′ 8″) and *Sri Rama* are two of the finest Mural Paintings in the Padmanabhapuram Palace. They are excellent in technique and finish and eloquent with spiritual instruction. The figures in these paintings are full of vitality and grace and they throb with exalted life. The sumptuousness of floral design and the depiction of fish in the mural *Krishna* and *Gopies* indicate the skill of the artist in painting nature. The colours in these Stuccos are rich and lovely and the figures are dignified in posture. A vast drama moves before our eyes on seeing these works of Mural art remarkable for expressive and pleasing lines.

The craftsmanship discerned in the Mural Paintings is superb. Their symbolic expression is arresting. There is a wealth of beauty and charm in them that makes us stand lost in admiration of a culture of the highest standing. In these paintings which are exquisite and full of rhythm more is meant for the head and the heart than for the eye. Niceties of perspective anatomic perfection did not bother the artists who created these Murals.

The Mural paintings of *Rajarajeswari*, *Manmatha* (God of Love), *God Sastha on Horseback*, *Narada the Rishi*, *God Subramania* and *A Lady's Toilet*, are some of the best in the collection of frescoes exhibited in the *Sri Chitralayam*. The original paintings adorn the walls of the Sree Padmanabhaswamy Temple. These are remarkable for

their superb pose, meditative repose, radiant expression and lavish embellishment. They are unsurpassed in linear presentation, emotional fervour, consummate charm and contemplative mysticism. Their

Rajarajeswari.



Kamadeva.

dignified beauty of form and refinement are graceful. They tatoo themselves on memory's surface. Some of the figures of maidens in these frescoes resemble the *Apsaras*, divine damsels. The frescoes have been executed in fast vegetable colours the richness of which has not been dimmed by time. The essentials of exquisite feminine charm as indicated in the ancient books have been observed in the sprightly figures with brows like the crescent moon, almond shaped eyes, bosoms full and swelling like the swan breasting the waters,

slender waists and pointed fingers. The elusive grace of women is most charmingly depicted in these frescoes. "Majesty and power"

Narada.

Sastha on Horse-back.

Lady's Toilet.

Subramania.

distinguish the women in the Travancore Frescoes. The poses are acclaimed as the acme of art. To see these mural paintings which are

at once spiritualised and spiritualising is to see poetry in motion and perceive a new world. "They are a flowering of the mind in form."

The Travancore Mural Paintings are accomplished in execution, vivacious and varied in design. They are full of form and colour and their perspective and grouping are excellent. The unity of style evident in these paintings in stucco, is marvellous. The long and subtle curves are drawn with supreme precision showing consummate skill and manual dexterity, which remind one of Chinese and Japanese art. The artists who drew these frescoes possessed perfect command of posture. The Hindu racial type has been glorified in these works of inspired art. These frescoes indicate a harmonious union of art, poetry and music. The portraits of Gods and Goddesses witnessed in these Murals have been executed by master craftsmen strictly in accordance with their descriptions given in the *Puranas, Agamas* and *Tantras*. The artists of these pictures were no doubt great devotees of God.

His Highness the Maharaja in his speech on the occasion of the opening of the *Sri Chitralayam* said:- "A word of tribute is due to the master craftsmen of the past whose names are unknown, because in their profound love for their work they failed to sign their names even on a panel. They laboured patiently and devoutly in order to bequeath to posterity remarkable specimens of mural paintings which evoke our admiration and reverence. The wealth of intrinsic values inherent in Kerala Art as revealed in the exquisite murals can never fail to satisfy the tastes of each successive age and to supply it with virile incentives."

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The Dawn of Disarmament

By DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

MODERN Europe's method of wars to end wars is the silliest method which the wit of man could possibly devise. Every new war is more deadly than the old, and it surely leads to the next war to end war. This leads to ever increasing armaments in all countries. Every country says that it is perpetually preparing for defensive wars. "Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget" how to fight in defence till the enemy is destroyed and cannot defend himself in his turn. Bertrand Russell says in a recent work: "Broadly speaking, when the defensive is strong, civilisation makes progress and when the offensive is strong men revert towards barbarism". But the so-called defensive war in the West is merely the prelude to the greater offensive yet to be.

Byron says in his great poem *Childe Harold*:

"Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore".

But is that true to-day? Man's control, so ruinous and murderous, extended from the shore to the sea, and then extended beneath the sea and has now extended above the sea and into the air. But the present war is not a mere pitched battle between rival fleets of aeroplanes but an attempt by each fleet of bombing aeroplanes to destroy the cities of the enemy state and cripple its power and wreck its civilisation. We know well enough what the Italians did yesterday in Abyssinia and what the Japanese are doing to-day in China and what the Germans and the Italians are doing here, there and everywhere to-day.

What is History but a dissolving view of alliances and defections? England and France fought each other for centuries but later became fast friends and we do not know what they are to-day. Fascism is prepared to combine even with Communism to fight Democracy. The Balkan States form a veritable witch's cauldron. The Anglo-Japanese alliance was on and is now off. But every power with an imperialist ambition and a passion for world-domination must enter into alliances even if there be divorce of one union to make way for another union in hot haste.

The famous phrase *collective security* means in practice only collective insecurity. Collective security really means the combination of some of the big powers to dominate the world. But the only hope of peace is not in that direction but in the direction of a League of All Nations. But when America kept out, and Japan and Germany and

Italy went out of the League, it began to decay and became mortally ill of anaemia. When it wobbled about Abyssinia and became dumb about Japan, it reached a critical stage. It is now as good as dead.

Mr. Bertrand Russell rightly says: "It is clear that collective security, as a method of preventing war, cannot succeed unless there is an international armed force, under the orders of an international authority and sufficiently strong to be able to defeat easily any probable combination of rebel States". Will Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin agree to this? For the matter of that, will England and France agree? The aggressive nationalism of to-day leads to imperialism and is the greatest foe of World-peace. But is there any likelihood of its disappearance or its transformation? There are no such signs visible above the horizon. Violence yet rules the world and non-violence and mercy and love and peace are yet very distant dreams.

The fact is that unless the great powers of the world disarm themselves and arm the League of Nations there is no hope for the world. We saw the failure of economic sanctions when they were applied to Italy at the instance of the League of Nations during the rape of Abyssinia. Manu says well *Sarvo danda jito loko* (the world is kept under control only by force). Predatory nations will be always prowling for prey, though they may resort to glittering phrases and sweet sentiments such as trusts and mandates and the white man's burden and so on. Is man tired of plunging from war to war? Does he loathe the blood-baths of the past and the present? Does he really want a world at peace—a world ruled by law? He cannot attain it till he inaugurates the era of unarmed nations, the era of free nations, the era of an armed League of Free Nations.

But will such national disarmament come until there is mental disarmament in the individual? Bertrand Russell says that fear and pride and greed stand in the way of national disarmament. One far greater than He—Lord Sri Krishna—has analysed the fundamental human nature and taught us that desire and hate and greed (Kama, Krodha, Lobha) are the three gates of hell. We must lessen desire and anger and avarice and finally eradicate them from our hearts. We must learn to put spiritual joys above mere material pleasures. The bliss of *Yoga* must conquer our relish for the sense-titillation of *bhoga*. Sri Krishna says: *Rasa. Varjam Rasopyasya param drishtwa nivartate* (the relish for pleasure will persist but will disappear when we behold God). Spiritual bliss alone can lead to mental disarmament, and without mental disarmament there will be no external material disarmament.

The Work of Dr. Cousins

By S. A. G.

KALAKSHETRA deserves to be congratulated heartily on bringing out this definitive, one-volume edition* of the poems with which Dr. James H. Cousins has enriched the language. Neatly printed and attractively got up, it is a marvel of cheapness. The provision of an index will further enhance its usefulness. One certainly looks forward to the collection of his plays which we are promised in the course of the preface. It is only in the fitness of things that an Adyar publishing house should thus pay tribute to a poet who has shed lustre on Adyar and in his turn imbibed the thoughts and feelings associated with membership of the Theosophical Society.

Dr. Cousins is, indeed, the Theosophical poet *par excellence.* Of the major poets who ushered in and shaped the Irish Literary Renaissance, he survives to sing and remind us of the wisdom that was A. E. and the artistry that was Yeats. This is not to say that Dr. Cousins writes to a pattern and that he has no individuality of his own. Almost alone among Irish writers, he has had the inestimable benefits of long journeys to, and sojourn in, many lands beside his own. He has visited England, India, Japan and the United States and has done notable work in all these countries. "The interaction between the Celtic imagination and the environment and life of the Orient", especially, invests his work with a new beauty and a more extended significance than were vouchsafed to his colleagues in the Irish Revival.

Dr. Cousins is a poet with a conscious message—of brotherhood in a divinely ordained universe—and his works have a purpose—to evoke the things that make for unity and love. Let us grant at once that this message and this purpose sometimes go ill with the proper work of the true artist which is to forge beauty of form as well as of content. Let us freely admit that Dr. Cousins can often be as coldly intellectual and difficult to appreciate as Browning at his most perverse; that he is sometimes—at the other extreme—as vague and misty as Shelley (at his most mystic) of whose excellences he is a self-confessed admirer. It is not always in his poems that we come across that perfect precision in the choice of word and phrase and that flawless perfection of form that are the distinguishing marks of Keats, for instance, or the French Parnassians. But the son and heir of all the ages that he is, Dr. Cousins has learnt much from the work of these

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***COLLECTED POEMS (1894—1940) of James H. Cousins (Published by Kalakshetra, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 3—8 *plus* 8 as. postage. Edition de Luxe Rs. 10 *plus* postage).**

masters of song. And, in his own eclectic way, he has achieved individual distinction of no mean order and posterity will not willingly let his work die.

In this collection representing the work of forty-six years, we do not, of course, expect all the poems to be on a uniformly high level of achievement. But even the earliest reveal the poet to be endowed with vision and blessed with a consciousness of the greatness of his mission:

I am the voice of one who cries:
Lo, here I cannot stop or stay.
I am not good, I am not wise,
I only follow far away.

And seeing not, I yearn for sight
To read the heart of praise or blame,
To catch the beam within the light,
And feel the fire behind the flame.

Or, rapt from all the tyrant hours
That write their names in tears and blood,
I long to pluck immortal flowers,
And bathe me in a cool clear flood;

And know that thing for which I seek
With frustrate fingers blind and dead;
And turn Truth's never-ceasing wheel,
And from its distaff spin my thread.

And so with ever-watching eyes
I live my life from day to day.
I am the voice of one who cries,
And crying wander on my way.

This confident proclamation of his aims tends to grow almost cocksure in later poems in which, as Yeats sang with a matter-of-fact awareness of the world of spirits, Dr. Cousins takes it for granted that all the world is agreed that life has a meaning far greater than the transient joys and sorrows, the disunity and strife that go to make up our material existence, and that the Divine Architect of the Universe keeps guard over the ways of man. He is vastly influenced by the doctrines of the Theosophical elect. He prays that we

May glimpse where fast the shuttle gleams,
Flying to weave in mystic ways
Something of daylight in our dreams,
Something of dreaming in our days.

Not for him the rhetorical futilities and musical inanities that are all that many contemporary poets have to offer to our troubled generation. In a superb declaration of faith entitled "Youth in Age", Dr. Cousins contrasts his way with that of those who, paying allegiance only to fleshy beauty, find, when it palls in their old age, a "grim new pleasure" in growling at the transience of all pleasure:

With Jeremian joy
They chant of things that cloy,

What dies and what has died;
While I, condemned to sing
What knows no perishing,
The winging, not the wing,
Monotonously go
My spirit-way..................
I shall pass through a door,
And perish in my Youth—
At seventy-six or more;
Because I was not wise
As other poets be,
And, seeking but to see
In Beauty's glamorous eyes
Immortal enterprise,
Perversely chose to sing
What knows no perishing,
The winging, not the wing,
And sang in man and maid
Beauty that cannot fade.

As a poet of love—love troubled and love triumphant—Dr. Cousins is, indeed, unique in this generation. He can trip it on the light fantastic toe as gracefully as the youngest among them and can turn out villanelles and sonnets with equally easy facility. "Love's Economy" is a very neat effort:

You looked so good, so rare,
That when love neared its prize,
I only touched your hair.

My wild heart did not dare
More nearness to devise,
You looked so good, so rare.

Yea, though your smile made fair
Your brave illustrious eyes,
I only touched your hair.

What lost I to prefer
Soul's touch to body's cries,
You looked so good, so rare?

Oh! love's long wealth they share
Who love economise:
I only touched your hair.

Now life has joy to spare
Because, by love made wise,
You looked so good so rare,
I only touched your hair.

But the poems that enshrine his love for his wife—the whole volume, by the way, is aptly dedicated to Mrs. Margaret Cousins—are as far from the verses that grace most of our present-day magazines and journals as his love for Ireland is from that of the professional patriot who has not the larger vision of a reunited humanity. "Love in the Highest" recalls the intensity and drama of Browning:

The Kiss made sweet by love confessed
Was sweeter made by parting's fear.
Our words were quick and warm with zest
Because of silence threatening near.
All that the heart of pleasure knew
Held ache of what might never be;
And lyric hours in laughter flew
Across dumb gulfs of mystery.
But now our hearts no distance rends.
We take as equal rose and thorn;
And know where each high moment ends
Love's deeper life is only born.
Our happy hearts now find each bliss
But Love's light-pitched and moving kraal
And know clasped hands and clinging kiss
Not Love, but Love's pale ritual.
So have we found and kept the sweet
Of laughter in the face of time,
And found the quenchless fires that beat
Beneath slow age's gathering rime.
Dear! we have stilled the heart's wild strife
In ecstasy of Love's repose.
The rose has faded out of life—
For life itself is now the Rose!

And his sonnet "For a Marriage Anniversary" has the brooding calm and magical felicity of Shakespeare's greatest sonnets:

Had I but loved you in the way of men
Of sensual mind, and worshipped not your soul,
Well might I dread the lees in passion's bowl,
Their jaded palate wishing now was then.
But, love! your spirit's highlands glimpsed by dawn
Have still in dusk a distant virgin peak,
With hints of culminations yet to seek
Round crystal streams from cloud-hid fountains drawn.
Oh! freed from tyrannies of touch and sight,
Yet from their sweetness feathering love's wing,
Shall my heart quail from our dear earth to spring
When you take off upon your heavenward flight?
Nay, but in highest heaven where you shall bide,
My soul, ascending, shall be at your side.

On this sublime note let us take leave of the poet for the present, most certainly returning again and again to drink of the fount of his inspiration. There are few poets writing now who provide more pleasurable or more profitable study.

The Enchanted Gardens of Damascus

By V. T. NEELAKANTAN

DAMASCUS is a veritable fairyland set in the midst of a large forest. As we walked in its many beautiful gardens we could appreciate the saying of the Mahomedans that this must be the place to which the Koran refers where it speaks of paradise as a beautiful garden with many fruit trees, flowers and fountains. From the surrounding hills we looked upon the city filled with orange trees, lemon groves, gnarled olives, apricots, and a marvellous variety of flowers and shrubs. Scintillating in the glorious sunshine were the sprays of myriads of fountains fed by the streams from the Abana and Phaspar rivers. Tall minarets rose from many mosques in every section of the city in vivid contrast to the thousands of flat-roofed houses below. Against the far horizon were the red and purple hills of the desert. In the distance we could see Mount Hermon, raising its snowy crest above the neighbouring hills. On our way down we stroked through miles of orchards, with vines and walnuts, irrigated with the waters from the Lebanon ranges.

The city is typically Oriental. Many of the old cities of the East have been so modernised that one moves about in a vivid contrast of the Eastern and Western worlds. Airplanes and donkeys, trains and oxcarts, rickshaws and motor-cars vie with each other for supremacy. But Damascus has maintained its Oriental life and setting. Our large sitting room at the hotel was crowded with an assortment of most lovely carpets and rugs. Some were hanging on the walls, whilst others completely covered the floor. It was symbolic of the city—oriental and picturesque.

We were attracted to some itinerant musicians who were beating drums in time to shrill reed music. They stopped by a cafe in which Arab men and women were smoking large waterpipes which are furnished by the proprietor of the little shop. The lower part of the pipe is made of glass which is filled with water, whilst tobacco is placed in the bowl at the top The Arabs do not use matches to light their pipes but place a piece of glowing charcoal on the tobacco. All day long the Arabs sit playing games and observing the continuous stream of travellers passing by. The narrow winding streets are crowded with a variety of hawkers selling anything from a shoe-string to a suit of clothes. Vendors of drinks and eatables shout their goods and even enter your restaurant to make a sale to the customer. How we did relish the appetising Damascus bread rolls, so light and tasty. One sees men carrying large trays packed with sheep's heads and pig's feet, walking alongside pedlars with fruit and shoes.

The bootblack is in evidence for no matter how well your shoes may look he will baug a brush on his brass-coated shoeshine stand as an invitation to you to have your shoes shined. You will probably have to choose one of several bootblacks from the insistent shines. Whilst your shces are being polished the passing herds of sheep or camels will fascinate you. Taking a walk through the many bazaar lanes you will be amazed at the variety of wares on display: leather goods being skilfully made at the well-stocked shops; camel skin bags and cases; long rolls of cloth of many colours: hardware of unusual looking tools; brightly embroidered robes and head-dress; pets—including birds and animals.

Salesmen wearing red fezzes, turbans, or a combination of a fez and turban, clamour for your patronage. Many of the bazaar alleys are covered with corrugated iron reefs which make the lane look like a warehouse. Only a few of the streets are wide enough for carts to pass each other in the clear, but the largest number are so crooked and narrow that when several donkey caravans contact, they precipitate a real traffic jam as a prelude to much shouting and confusion in the process of disentanglement. Along the sidewalks one meets money-changers ready to exchange your Iraq *fils* for Ayrians *Piastras*, or supply you with French or English money (or *vice versa*) as you wish. Veiled and unveiled women are seen closely examining cloth to make sure that its colour is fast or the weave is strong. Fortune-tellers are seated under spacious umbrellas. On sand-covered clothes they have drawn a miniature planetary system by which they propose to predict the future of yourself or the nation – or anything else (known and unknown) on the face of the earth. Our friend and guide (perhaps the philosopher as well) treated us to Damascus icecream which he assured us was "the finest in the world"! It was interesting to see the creamery men at work pounding the cream with heavy clubs in a deep container. They, surely, were generous in the services for our cups were loaded to overflowing with delicious icecream.

On our way from the bazaar we rode in a donkey cart down "Straight Street," which gave us good reason to recall the saying of Mark Twain about it, "straighter than a corkscrew but not quite so straight as a rainbow". Old Roman walls with their ancient gates are the stone reminders of the days when strong guards paced back and forth. Nearby is the hole indicated as the window through which Saul of Tarsus was let down in a basket as the means of escape from the watchful eyes of the guard. At the end of the street our guide pointed out the site of the house of Naaman, the leper, who preferred the clear waters of Abana and Phaspar (we didn't blame him) to the muddy waters of the Jorden. Standing on top of one of the highest houses we caught a great view of a section of Damascus crowded with flat roofs and courtyards. In most of them were delightful gardens

with the ever bursting fountains of clear water. In many of the shops these fountains were seen nourishing the flowers and plants which were in great abundance. The enchanted gardens of Damascus were everywhere in the city.

On our way to the hotel we visited the Great Mosque of the Omeyades. Slipping off our shoes for sandals we crossed the raised stone barrier dividing the courtyard from the street. Many Mahomedans were washing themselves in the large fountains, prior to prayer. On the south side, facing Mecca, hundreds of worshippers were bowing and repeating prayers, prostrated on the richly coloured rugs which cover the floor of the interior. Every true mosque has four features: the minarets, from which the Muezzin calls the Moslems to worship; a fountain for the convenience of cleaning before prayer; the niche in the wall indicating the direction of Mecca; and the pulpit where systematic teaching is given by the High Priest. A large library was there for the convenience of the worshipper and the visitor. Many historical associations cluster about this mosque. It was erected upon the site of an ancient temple and destroyed in the fourth century by the Roman Emperor, Theodosius the Great. His son Arcadius rebuilt it. For 300 years it served as a Christian Cathedral, until it fell into the hands of the Moslems who have kept it for more than a thousand years.

Yet, in spite of the changes which have occurred through the years, there still stands an old inscription over the vestibule which reads: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations". We thrilled at sight of that inscription. For centuries it had been covered with plaster, now broken away. There was the message—symbolic of the insistant, emergent and eternal Christ. The association all about us seemed to synchronise with our mood of jubilance as we read and re-read those words. The street called straight, the pristine Abana and Phaspar rivers, the Cedas of Lebanon, the gardens—all seemed part of *Te Deum* of our hearts that day.

The Daughter

By A. S. RAMAN

Characters: Bhikku Ali; Bhikkuni Gotami; Princess Nalini; The King; A horseman.

Scene I.

[*Time:* Dawn.
Place: A Vihar near Ujjain.
Scene: Bhikku Ali plucking flowers; Princess Nalini lying on a lawn playing with an antelope.]

Ali. (Cries out, all on a sudden) Sister! Sister!

Nalini. What do you mean? You have no right to frighten my antelope with shrieks!

Ali. (To the flower). Sister, we cannot live here any longer.

Nalini. Why not?

Ali. (To the flower). This has become the haunt of bandits.

Nalini. (Screams). Ah! Ah!

Ali. (Turns to Nalini). Who is it?

Nalini. Me, the princess. The bee bites me, and you see how my lip bleeds! (Shows the lip.)

Ali. (Runs up to her). I am sorry.

Nalini. That's all? Sighs are only waste of breath.

Ali. Kiss this flower, and your bleeding stops. (Gives her a flower).

Nalini. You had better sit down.

Ali. It is getting late.

Nalini. Ah! What a cruel bee! Ah, you Bhikkus are devoid of all feeling. Even if the sky falls, or the earth quakes, you remain unperturbed!

Ali. Yes, like a rock against the flow of the tide? And you?

Nalini. I die, if the flower withers.

Ali. Why are you so fond of a flower, that fades with the sun?

Nalini. Ali, I weep with it, I wither with it. Ah! What a wretched life!

Ali. Wretched life! Whose?

Nalini. Human life itself is not worth living.

Ali. What makes you curse life, this fine morning?

Nalini. I can't live! I refuse to live! Life in this world of misery! Oh! God forbid! How I wish to fly away!

Ali. Whither?

Nalini. Into the Jaws of Death!

Ali. The process of life does not stop with death. Death is only a way out. You go out, just to enter again. Don't think that any strength is necessary to face death! Death is very easy. Life is

almost impossible. And so, try to live, as best you can. Well, princess, how far have you fought out the battle of life?

Nalini. Battle! What do you mean? Where are my enemies? I don't see them at all.

Ali. Anybody can kill a visible enemy.

Nalini. What about you? Have you not been baffled by life and driven into the forest, where you, like a coward, sit cross-legged, counting beads, day in and day out, and feeding upon herbs like a beast?

Ali. Yes, I am a coward, so long as you fail to see the inner struggle in me.

(Nalini closes her eyes).

Ali. Open your eyes, don't fear. Child, who are you?

Nalini. (With eyes closed). A bandit! Can't you guess that much? Ali, she has been chasing you all these days! And now you are caught up. She will kidnap you, and you will be imprisoned in the palace! Beware! (Opens her eyes). You don't fear!

Ali. Yes.

Nalini. You see my gaze! Is it not greedy?

Ali. My child!

Nalini. I who am determined to pull you down into the abyss!

Ali. Abyss! Where is it?

Nalini. Abyss of the world!

Ali. You want me to fall into it once again? That's impossible.

Nalini. Will not the world swallow you? Ali, how can you live in a desert?

Ali. Is Nature a desert?

Nalini. Nature is in the world. So the place you would like to live in is not Nature, but some unknown dreary desert!

Ali. Nature is in the Universe, not in the World! And World is after all a part of the Universe! All right. I don't mind even living in a desert.

Nalini. What do you do there?

Ali. What do you expect me to do, if I return to the World?

Nalini. You can reform it, and thus fulfil the purpose of your life.

Ali. That is not my concern. I must reform myself. My life is only an experiment in self-introspection.

(Nalini closes her eyes)

But why do you close your eyes so often?

Nalini. I can't see you.

Ali. What is the trouble?

Nalini. Ali, how can you expect me to see the midday sun?

Ali. Well, do you mind releasing that innocent antelope?

Nalini. Why ?

Ali. Let him have free breath. Do not smother him with kisses. Let him have free life. Do not strangle him with caresses.

Nalini. Then, I don't spare him at all.

Ali. Don't be so cruel, please. That is my antelope, dearer to me than myself. Don't squeeze the life out of him.

Nalini. So your life is in my hands.

Ali. Let me have it.

Nalini. Ali, is it so easy to part with a thing that you love most, when once you happen to possess it ?

Ali. He is my darling!

Nalini. And I too—(kisses the antelope) Ali, last night, my sleep was haunted by a nightmare. Let me recollect it boldly, and strengthen my mind.

It was on the swinging surface of an ocean that a mountain stood floating! There was none in that part of the world—absolutely none, not a trace of life, except the smile of the moon! The whole atmosphere was so calm, so serene, in spite of the wail of the wave and the wisper of the breeze. I found myself alone on the peak. Suddenly appeared in the east, some silhouette that had the features of my Ali, and it was slowly moving towards me! I too ran up to embrace it. We met each other at some point. It stood before me with a clenched-up fist and a twisted brow. It asked me, "How have you come here?" I had no answer. I was already stunned. It answered its own question, "I have brought you here!" Again it put me another question, "Who am I? By now I was almost dead. But my heart screamed, "Ali! Ali!" Perhaps that was not the answer. "Who am I? Who am I? You don't know? I am your death!" With these words, it gave me a knock on my head. I tumbled down and fell into the sea. But I was not drowned at once. The lotus had already spread her petals, as if to receive me. Thus I lay on her breast for some time! I thought that I was safe. I heaved a sigh of relief, but in vain. The silhouette began to throw stones at the lotus, till the poor flower was completely sunk! And with it, I too sank!......
......Ah! What a hideous incubus! Ali, only imbeciles get dreams, don't they?

(Ali silent).

Don't be silent.

Ali. Who says that I am silent? Don't you hear the groans of my soul?

Nalini Why groans?

Ali. I remember the words of my sister: "So long as there is woman in this world, no war can be won". This has been the burden of her song.

Nalini. And I say, "Woman gropes in the abyss of life; and man alone shall save her." Oh! You are angry with me!

Ali. Don't fear, I am strong enough not to lose my temper.

Nalini. You want to hear the story of my life?

Ali. No, I know it. I have been your biographer.

Nalini. Yes, the bee plays hide-and-seek with the flower.

Ali. Princess, yours has been only existence, not life!

Nalini. Ali, what do you see on my nail? (shows the nail.) Have I not painted your portrait on it, even before seeing you at all? Ali, cut me at any point, and you will see yourself there, seated on a throne. Does the sun come down to kiss the lotus? And still, she loves him.

Ali. I wish you were born dumb!

Nalini. Why?

Ali. You are expressing ideas which do not deserve any expression.

Nalini. Āli, are you not hearing the song?

Ali. Where is it?

Nalini. What! Is not my heart singing away its joy?

Ali. Adieu.

(Moves, but she stands in the way)

Nalini. Don't fear, I am harmless.

Ali. You are invading upon my manliness.

Nalini. And so you will run away! What a brave hero! Ah, you see how my heart beats to the rhythm of your step!

(Ali goes out)

Scene II.

[*Time*: Twilight.
Place: A corner in the Vihar.
Scene: Ali worshipping a broken idol of the Buddha. Enter Gotami and Nalini.)

Ali. (In a fit of ecstasy) Sister! Sister! Victory! Victory mine!

Gotami. So, at last, you have won!

Ali. Yes, now there are no enemies in me.

Gotami. Ali, welcome her.

Ali. (Stares at Nalini) Oh! It is you! You have come here again!

Nalini. Oh! You are worshipping an idol that has no face!

Ali. Yes, an ideal has no face!

Gotami. Ali, spread that Krishnajin first.

(Ali spreads the Krishnajin)

Take your seat, please.

(Nalini sits down; the antelope runs up to her and lies down on her lap.)

Nalini. I am thirsty.

Gotami. Is there any honey in the Vihar?

Ali. Yes.

(*Exit.*)

Nalini. I can't relish it. Let me have only that which quenches your thirst.

Gotami. Water will do for us.

Nalini. For me too, that is enough.

Gotami. I wonder! You are a princess, are n't you?

(Enter Ali, with a pot of honey in his hands).

Ali. Take it. Quench your thirst first.

Nalini. Ali, your Darshan has driven all hunger and thirst from me. I am content now. I don't want any honey.

Ali. Did you go home, or not?

Gotami. You seem to be good friends. Am I right?

Ali. She spent most of her time to-day near our Vihar.

Gotami. I see!

Ali. Where did you meet her?

Gotami. On my way to the Vihar. She was lying unconscious by the roadside.

Ali. She might have fallen into a trance.

Gotami. I woke her up, and when she saw me, she smiled, and never allowed me to leave her there.

Ali. Nalini, you thought that you could go home all alone, barefooted, in that scorching sun, with that perturbed mind and that palpitating heart?

Gotami. Let her take some rest. I will send word to her parents. Otherwise they will be very anxious about her.

(Enter a horseman).

What is the matter, Sir?

Horseman. I am in search of our princess.

Gotami. Yes. You see her here.

Nalini. Who is it? Oh! Why have you come here?

Horseman. We have been searching for you from this morning.

Nalini. Don't pursue a mirage, go home.

Horseman. And you? The Queen, your mother, is on death-bed.

Nalini. Why? I wish her all that I wish myself.

Horseman. She seems to have almost wept away her life. The King, your father, is mad with agony.

Nalini. Now you may go.

(The horseman sheds tears).

I can't tolerate cowards. Please go away.

(The horseman shivers)

Go away. Obey your princess!

Horseman. May it please you!

(*Exit*).

Gotami. You are your mother's last desire.

Nalini. Sister, Can't you accommodate me here?

Gotami. I can, but can you live here at all? This is not a palace, and you are a princess.

Nalini. Let me live here, as the princess of flowers. Let me lie on the lap of Nature. Let me leave the seen and love the unseen. The seen are my worst enemies. Let me enjoy the unheard melodies of life.

Gotami. Well, you may live here, if you can. But how long? May I know?

Nalini. Why? Till the last breath of my life.

Ali. (Rapturously) Ah! Ah!

Nalini. Ali, don't you love me even now?

(Ali kisses her on the brow).

Ali. Oh! Sister! Sister! She is my daughter? I have created her.

Nalini. Yes, sister, I am his creature.

Ali. No, no. You are my creation. I am proud of you.

Gotami. My child, you have spurned the life of a princess! What a noble heart!

Ali. Bow to the Arhat, my darling!

(Nalini prostrates herself before the idol of the Buddha.)

What happened to your jewels? I see none on your body!

Nalini. I have given them away to the needy.

Ali. Now you may love me. I have kissed you on the brow.

Nalini. My father!

(Kisses him on the chin)

Ali. Love me and love those that I love, the afflicted humanity! Love them alone, because my heart is lost to them. Love them in thought, word, and deed.

(Enter the King)

Gotami. Welcome, Sir.

King. My child!

(Embraces Nalini)

Nalini. Sir!

King. Call me father, kiss me on the chin.

Nalini. Do not capture me.

King. What do you mean? Your mother is dying. Let us go home.

Nalini. Where is the home?

King. Our home, the palace.

Nalini. No. Here is my home, my heaven.

King. Don't be silly, my dear child! Come along.

Gotami. Nalini, you may go. He is your father.

Ali. Yes, you may go. He does not allow you to live here.

Nalini. Yes, he is my foe. (To the King) Who are you?

King. Your own father!

Nalini. But I am not your daughter. Do not claim me, all for yourself. I am a daughter not to you alone, but to these mute poems of pity, the birds and the beasts, to these crystals of tears, the stones, to these love-lorn lasses, the palm trees in the desert! Let me love them all. Nature is my mother. God is my father.

King. Alas!

Nalini. Don't weep. You are a King. Millions of souls are entrusted to your care. Bring them up, as your own children. Your daughter is there, not here.

King. Am I dreaming?

Nalini. No. Your eyes are open.

King. What is a dream, if not that which one cannot possess?

Nalini. Go home and live like a King, father of the subjects. They are your children. Love them and you will love me.

King. (shedding tears) Adieu!

(Exit).

(Gotami, Ali and Nalini sing in Chorus)

"Om mani padme hum!"

(*Curtain*)

Old India in the New West

By BENOY KUMAR SARKAR, M. A.

IT goes without saying that the achievements of the Occidental World in industry, science, philosophy and the fine arts during the nineteenth century have profoundly influenced the thoughts and activities of the people of India, as of other regions in Asia. But what is most likely to be missed by the student of culture-history is the fact that even the ancient and medieval civilization of the Hindus has been one of the feeders of this modern civilization itself; i. e. that the cultural movements in Europe and America since 1776 have been affected to an appreciable extent by the achievements of free India down to that period.

In the days of the sailing ships and oaken vessels the naval engineering of the Hindus was efficient and advanced enough to be drawn upon with confidence for European shipping. At Madapollum, for example, on the Madras Coast, many English merchants used to have their vessels built yearly. The Hindu ship-builders could ingeniously perform all kinds of iron work, e. g., spikes, bolts, anchors, etc. "Very expert master-builders there are several here," says the English traveller, Thomas Bowrey, in his *Geographical Account of Countries Round the Bay of Bengal* (1669 – 1675), "they build very well, and launch with as much discretion as I have seen in any part of the world. They have an excellent way of making shrouds, stays, or any other riggings for ships."

Some of the Hindu methods were assimilated by the Europeans. Thus, as the French writer, Solvyns observes: "The English, attentive to everything which relates to naval architecture, have borrowed from the Hindus many improvements which they have adopted with success to their own shipping." Further, the Portuguese "imitated" the pointed prow in their India-ships. This was a characteristic feature of the grab, a Hindu ship with three masts.

The industrial and material culture of Old India was thus sufficiently vital to influence contemporary Europe at the threshold of the nineteenth century-civilization. The tradition is reported also by old American sea-captains that fishing boats like the sloop, yawl, cutter, etc., so common in the United States waters were modelled in the "colonial period" on Hindu patterns.

The colonial "bungalow" style of American buildings has its prototype in the "bangla" architecture of the cottages of Bengal, such for instance as are mentioned in the *Padma Purana*. And India has

taught not only the printing of the famous calico cloths for which the city of Calicut was noted, but the "gingham" so popular in American summer clothing also derives its very name from the Indian district of Ganjam.

England's debt to India in pedagogics have been fitly acknowledged in the tablet in Westminister Abbey, which describes Andrew Bell as the "eminent founder of the Madras System of Education, which has been adopted within the British empire as the national system of education for the children of the poor."

The romantic movement in Germany and England, with its aftermath, the English pre-Raphaelite movement, has been one of the greatest forces in Europe's modern letters and art. The poetry of Old India has furnished an impetus to this current also of nineteenth century thought.

The Shakuntala of Kalidas, the Hindu dramatist of the 5th century A. D., was Englished by Jones in 1789. Forster's German rendering of it from the English version at once drew the notice of Herder (1744-1803), the great champion of comparative methodology and *Weltliteratur*. Herder introduced it to Goethe, on whom the effect was tremendous as that of the discovery of America on geographers and of Neptune on students of astronomy. Goethe's ecstasy expressed itself in the ultra-enthusiastic lines:

"Wilt thou the blossoms of spring, the fruits of late autumn,
Wilt thou what charms and enraptures,
Wilt thou what satisfies and nourishes,
Wilt thou in one name conceive heaven and earth?
I name, Shakuntala, thee, and in that is everything said."

Shakuntala occupied a great place in the dramatic and lyrical imagination of Schiller also, in whose *Thalia* Germans are familiar with his Indian reminiscences. It is well known, besides, how the *Schone Weiblichkeit* which he failed to discover in the Greek classics he found at last in the Hindu drama.

The *Shakuntala* furore has lasted till almost today. One of the noblest "overtures" in European music is the "Shakuntala Overture" of the Hungarian composer, Goldmark (1830—1915).

Another force that old India has contributed to the life and thought of the modern world is the profound optimism of the *Bhagavad Gita* (ca. B. C. 600—200?), a section of the *Mahabharata* (the Great Epic). The *Gita* was translated into English in 1785. It was popularised in Germany by Herder and Humboldt. Since then its *lejtmotif* has been absorbed by the thinkers of Europe and America. It may be said to be held in solution in almost every great "poetical philosophy" or "philosophical poetry" of our times down to Bergsonian "intuition".

In the first place, the *Gita* is the philosophy of duty and *Nishkama Karma* (work for its own sake), of the "categorical imperative". In the second place, it tries to solve the mystery of death, which is but an aspect of the larger and more comprehensive problem of evil. The solution is reached in the conceptions of the immortality of the soul, the infinite goodness of God, the nothingness of death, and the virtual denial of the existence of evil.

Such postulates are of the deepest significance as much to the lover who seeks an "eternal" union of hearts, as to the warrior who must bid adieu to the body in order to save the soul. This Bible of Old India has therefore influenced not only the *Imitation of Christ* by Thomas A Kempis, but also Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and Browning's *La Saisiaz*, both inspired by the death of friends.

The "Obstinate questionings" in Browning's poetry are the same as those of Arjuna in the *Gita*, viz.:

> "Does the soul survive the body?
> Is there God's self—no or yes?"

The answer in both *La Saisiaz* and the *Gita* is in the emphatic affirmative. It is a message of hope to suffering humanity. Men and women in distress can brace up their hearts if they are assured that somehow through God's mysterious dispensation the good persists in and through the evils that are apparent. This Hindu optimism is voiced also by Walt Whitman, the voracious student of world-thought, in the following words:

> "Roaming in thought over the universe
> I saw the little that is Good
> steadily hastening towards immortality,
> And the vast all that is called Evil
> I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead."

The greatest *differentium* between the modern civilization and all that the world witnessed between the Chaldaean ages and the eve of the industrial revolution is the phenomenal expansion of the human mind. This has brought in its train a catholicity of interests and toleration of divergent views. In this emancipation of the intellect from the thraldom of parochial and racial outlook, Old India's contribution has probably been the most helpful and significant. The reason is not far to seek. The "discovery of Sanskrit" by the European Scholars of the eighteenth century opened the portals to the series of sciences called "comparative". And it is this that has rendered possible the recognition, though not complete yet, of the fundamental uniformity in the reactions of man to the stimuli of the universe.

The first fruit of the discovery was "comparative philology". Jones founded the Asiatic Society of Bengal at Calcutta in 1784, and

in 1786 hit upon the hypothesis of a common source of Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Celtic and Persian.

Once the unity of the Indo-Aryan or Indo-Germanic languages was realized, the road was opened to the interpretations of ideas, ideals, rituals, customs, superstitions, folk-lore etc. on a more or less universal basis. This has ushered in the sciences of comparative mythology and comparative religion, for which Max Muller's *Sacred Books of the East* series is chiefly responsible.

The trend of latter-day scholarship is to detect, through the ages of history, the close parallelism and pragmatic identity between Hindustan and Europe not only in theology and god-lore, but in rationalism, positive science, civic life, legal sense, democratic ideals, militarism, morals and manners. The evidences from the Hindu angle are being supplemented in recent years by the findings of Egyptology, Assyriology, and Sinology, i.e., the sciences dealing with extra-aryan culture-zones. The establishment of a comparative psychology of the races, past and present, Oriental and Occidental, is thus being looked for as the greatest work of anthropological researches in the twentieth century.......

The Orient can touch the mind of men and women in the Occident at various points and mould their lives from every conceivable angle of vision. Oriental culture has a human interest as much as the Occidental. The poetry, drama, music, painting, agriculture, sculpture, industrial arts, physical sciences, philosophy, metaphysics, morals and rationalism of the Orient are rooted in the fundamental human passions and ideals which make the whole world kin.

No interests that influence the spirit of man can be merely local. Every human impulse is essentially and in the long run universal. The methods and accomplishments of mankind in any age and clime in the building up of world's culture cannot have a significance to mankind in other ages and climes.

And is not one of the main criteria of liberal education the humanizing of men and women ? But this humanizing and liberalizing can hardly be effected by the specialists of the Oriental departments. Educational authorities have to take note of these psycho-sociological facts and frame their programs and schedules of studies accordingly.

The human aspect of the Oriental lore, the absolute as well as relative values of the theories and institutions developed among the Hindus, Islamities and Confucianists should be exhibited to growing minds through all the rungs of the educational ladder. Herein lies the responsibility of the teacher of history, the teacher of philosophy, the teacher of science and the teacher of literature, as well as of the writers of text-books for schools and colleges. The university faculties

and school authorities have to understand that Oriental topics can be profitably broached along with Occidental, whether recent or past, through the departments of philosophy, science, history and arts.

No student of anatomy and physiology can, under the pedagogic scheme suggested here, remain ignorant of the Hindu researchers in medical science from the earliest times down to the eighteenth century. The facts that the exact anatomy of the human body was known to the Hindus so far back as the sixth century B. C, that surgery was an applied science in India during the early centuries of the Christian era, that the first hospitals of the world were built by Hindu scientists and philanthropists, that the application of minerals in therapeutics is very old among Hindu medical practitioners, that zinc was discovered in India before the time of Paracelsus, and that the circulation of blood was guessed before Harvey, would, under new educational conditions, be matters of as common knowledge in Europe and America as the principles of Archimedes and Newton's Laws of Motion.

Students of world's history would then know that the Hindus also had developed republican city-states of the Hellenic type and clan-commonwealths and village-institutions of the folk-moot type, that the first most extensive and centralized empire of the world was the Hindu empire of the Mauryas (fourth to third century B. C.), that a census of the Hindu people according to social and economic status was actually undertaken in the fourth century B. C., that the Hindu generals could organize and manipulate a regular standing army of 600,000 infantry, besides a vast cavalry and an efficient camel-corps and elephant-corps, that the names of Hindu Charlemagnes, Fredericks and Napoleons are legion, that the Hindu navy commanded the Indian Ocean for centuries and facilitated the establishment of an empire of international commerce and culture, that down to the twelfth century A. D. the first-class powers of the world were the Hindus, Chinese and Saracens, that the "superior races" of the world both in arms and arts during the Dark Ages of Europe were the followers of Islam and the Buddhist Tartars or Mongols, and that there was practically nothing to choose between the educational conditions, domestic institutions, constitutional and civic sense, international morality, and social ideals of the Europeans and those of the Asians during the age of Louis XIV, *le grand monarque*, Kanghi, the Manchu-Chinese "Son of Heaven", and Aurangzib, the great Moghul-Hindu.

Every student would then know that Kalidas, the Virgil of India, wrote epic, lyric and dramatic poetry in the fifth century A. D. which can feed modern mankind with the same humanism as Shakespeare's *King Lear* and Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*. The troubadours, minstrels, minnesingers, and "mystery" play-wrights of medieval Folk-India, the Hindu Dantes of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries with

their Beatrices, and the Schillers and Grillparzers of modern Bengali drama would also pass common in the intellectual currency of the world if once the Orient begins to be exhibited from other than the grammatical, paleontological and anthropological view points.

Similarly the Giottos of Hindu art would be well-known "great masters" to the students of early Renaissance painting, and the post-impressionists and futurists of Europe and America would be found to have as their comrades in new ventures and experiments the Indian painters of the modern nationalist school.

Readers of *Text-books in the History of Education* would then know that the Hiudu University of Nalanda had a resident membership, numbering 5000, that it provided free instruction, free board and room and free medical help to the whole body of alumni, and that it attracted scholars from every part of Asia during a period of seven hundred years (fifth to twelfth centuary A. D.).

Further, the Indian Platos, Aristotles, Plotinuses, Machiavellis Boehmes, etc., would swell the list of world's philosophers and thinkers, and have a natural place in every calendar of ***Who's Who.*** And the contributions of the Indians to inductive logic, methods of truth-investigation, and differential calculus would be facts of common knowledge to the school-going world.

It would be clear to the most ordinary mind that the progress of the nineteenth century and the decades of the twentieth in discoveries and inventions is a unique phenomenon in the history of six millenniums. But the West as well as the East had been equally primitive, or pre-"scientific" and pre-"industrial", down to nearly the end of the eighteenth century, if judged by the standard of today. The economic, political, military, social and domestic politics of the West prior to the industrial revolution did not differ, except superficially and in a few trifling incidents, from the contemporary institutions obtaining in Asia.

The time-sense and space-sense of the learners would thus be materially widened, and the whole intellectual horizon and mental outlook acquire an expansion, when the bounds of human knowledge are extended beyond its traditionally recognised limits, when "new men, strange faces, other minds" are treated as co-operators in the quest of truth and in the service of humanity. The liberalization produced thereby would be not only an important achievement in itself but have a far-reaching practical significance as well.

The "comparative method" in school and university instruction is sure to bring in its train a toleration of views, sanity of temperament and a "transvaluation of values," leading necessarily to the overthrow of prejudices, superstitions and "idolas". The so-called "Oriental Question" would then appear to be what it really is, a foster-child of

ignorance and misunderstanding. If the solution of "race problems", of the complicated international questions affecting the relations between the East and the West, is ever to be effective at all, it can be achieved only by such a thoroughgoing liberalization of pedagogics as is being suggested here.

There is no greater and more serious problem than this to which the science of education has to address itself at the present day. The maintenance of world's peace will depend ultimately upon the schoolmaster and university professor.

—*Inner Culture.*

A Day in Delhi

By RISOV

"BHARA Khambhay, Bhara Khambhay! Aaya Bhara Khambhay, Connaught Place, Qazi Hans!" That was the strange yell which greeted me, just after I had been rescued from the porters by my cousin who had come to receive me. It was the tongawallas of New Delhi bidding for custom.

New Delhi has not a big railway station as is but natural due to the proximity of Delhi station which is really big. But, having expected something like our Madras Central, it was an unpleasant surprise for me. You could get taxis here as in any other city. But instead of the southern jutka, it is the tonga here which is the vehicle for the common people.. The tonga is decidedly superior to the jutka in matters of speed, comfort and general efficiency. It is more beautiful to look at and is of lighter build. Four persons may occupy it without any discomfort and there is plenty of space left for moderate luggage also. Since there is little rain in these parts, the shelter provided above is of lighter material. It is no shelter against rain at all, but it is poor protection against the sun also! Another important feature of the tonga is that it almost seems designed to seat gentlemen dressed in European style. And then the horses! They are very strong, tall and graceful animals. The tongawalla of Delhi feeds his horse well and seems to earn much more than, or at least as much as an average Madrasi graduate earns through his clerkship, Rs. 30 to Rs. 35 a month. But they have the same weakness that our jutkawallas have or, for that matter, all drivers of vehicles have, and that is to dupe the stranger and exploit his ignorance to the full.

So when I asked one, "Mujhay Shahar Ghoomna hai, bhai. Kithna logay?" (I want to go round the city, brother. How much will you take?), he answered me without the slighest hesitation, "Panch rupia, Saheb." (Five rupees, Sir.) I made it clear to him that he could not get more than half that from me and that I expected to be shown round all the important places in New Delhi as well as Old. Lest anyone should think that the impressions recorded here were gained during this ride round the city, I hasten to add that the tongawalla deceived me and made off with the two and a half rupees within two hours of the starting time. And left as I was not a bit wiser for the ride, I also got a fair round of abuse from him into the bargain.

To have gone to Delhi and not seen the Jumma Musjid is to have missed half Delhi, for the grand structure simply lords it over the

capital. It is situate in Old Delhi and can be seen clearly from the Secretariat buildings, New Delhi, a distance of four or five miles. It is said it can be seen from all nooks and corners of the city.

The Jumma Masjid is built of red sandstone and marble. It is of enormous dimensions and strikes awe and wonder into the heart of the spectator by its sheer size. It is said it is the biggest mosque in India, and to have been built during the time of Akbar. All are permitted to enter the mosque, but non-muslims have to take a ticket costing an anna. When I pointed out the latter circumstance to a Muslim friend who said Islam was as universal religion and that Muslims threw open yearly their places of worship to all and sundry, he retorted that Hindu temples and Dharmasalas were worse in as much as, pay however much you might, you could not gain admission into them if you happened to be a non-Hindu! Which is just the cruel fact.

The Jumma Musjid is worth seeing and looks solemn and impressive if you go inside. It is doubly so if you go at the time of prayer. But it is most solemn and impressive and at its grandest if you go at the hour of prayer on Friday. Hundreds and hundreds of devout Mussulmans rush up to the place, wash their faces and hands in the small tank built centrally inside the mosque for the purpose, go in, spread a *chaddar* and kneel down to pray. The purse-proud aristocrat and the pauper know no difference and rub shoulders with each other. The rich man in silks and Turkish Fez does not recoil from the wretch in rags. Such is Islam.

A beautiful view of Delhi can be obtained from the top of the minaret. More or less the whole of Delhi could be viewed from the top.

Not far away from the Jumma Musjid is the Lal Kila (The Red Fort). It is a sight not to be missed by any visitor to Delhi. It is a huge fort and is red in colour, whence its name. It was there that I was shown some of the remnants of the glory that was Mogul India's. It was there that I saw the raised marble pedestal on which the jar-jamed peacock throne was placed, and a host of chambers all paved, walled and entirely constructed of marbles of different qualities and colours. And it was there that I saw, with my bosom bursting with pride and admiration, the long, graceful sword which the Emperor Shahjehan used, and the velvet cushions on which he and his wazir reclined. No doubt all these looked jaded and had the tale of ages to tell, but they were only the dearer for that. There was the Durbar Hall where the princes, nobles and prominent citizens used to meet to discuss affairs of State: there were other big halls called the Diwan-i-am and the Diwan-i-khas. I was also shown the particular place where the Mogul Emperors used to appear to give Darshan to

their subjects. The river Jumna, we are told, in those days used to flow close by the side of the fortress wall and marks of its past meanderings could still be seen. The people used to meet in their hundreds on the other bank of the Jumna to have Darsan of their Emperor. I also saw the beautiful bath rooms in which the beloved Begums of the Emperors used to have their baths. The devices by which the small marble tanks could be filled with cold or hot water, as one chose, were explained to me.

I was very much struck by the profusion of marble, and the beautiful and lavish inlay work done on the walls. The Government are preserving and guarding all these very jealously, as any civilized government ought to do. The lawns inside the jert have a beauty of their own. They look like sheets of green velvet spread to receive some august personage, and are well worth the princely feet which trod over them for ages.

The Jert has a mosque of its own for Royalty to worship, and we are asked to remove our shoes, as at the Jumma Musjid, before we enter it Everything is done in marble and simply beggars description.

As I was stepping over to another side to see the museum, I found to my disappointment that it was closed and would remain so for days together. So it only remained to clear out! At the gate a Punjabi friend remarked, "The Moguls have left something solid behind them". A Bengali gentleman added, "Quite so. And imperishably solid and grand!"

They were indeed so. "Lovely to look at for hours on end, and lovely to recall in the dreams of the night," I added, as it was nearly dusk They smiled in approval.

(*To be continued*)

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